

pointed by the State and Provincial conventions are made up of delegates from the County Conventions. These in turn are made up of delegates from the township conventions, which are made up of delegates from the local schools. Thus it is plain that every school in the country has or may have a part in this matter and is in a measure responsible for the results. We claim that it is absolutely wrong for any Sunday-school to continually use the International Lesson System and refuse to co-operate with, or support the only agency that can give us that system of lessons, viz.: the Township, County, State and International Conventions. Those who insist upon feeding at this table, should at least be willing to say, "grace" and "tip the waiter."—*Evangel.*

## Home Circle.

### MOTHER'S WORK.

BY MARY F. BUTTS.

If thy work be holding dimpled cheeks of babies  
to thy breast,  
Fashioning small garments where the needle  
moves to inward tune,  
Stitching dainty scallops for a little rounded  
waist,  
Or knitting a silk sheathing for feet as soft as  
rose-leaves,  
Count thyself a sister of the gentle Judean woman,  
Mother of a Saviour. How knowest thou the out-  
come  
Of this beauteous bud of home? With thee lies  
the unfolding.  
Make thy garden fragrant with tender self-den-  
ying.  
With love purged pure by prayer, woo the open-  
ing blossom.  
Thine a holy business set thee by thy Father;  
All its pains rewarded by gifts of honeyed kisses,  
And angel looks that babies bring from heaven,  
Clasping of soft arms, and murmurings of lovers  
Innocent as birds in the day boughs of Maytime.  
—*Outlook.*

### HE WAS NOT ASHAMED.

A clerk and his father, just in from the country, entered a Lima restaurant one Saturday evening, and took seats at a table where sat a telegraph operator and a reporter, both known to the writer. The old man bowed his head and was about to say grace, when a waiter came up to take their orders. Father and son gave their orders, and the former again bowed his head. The young man turned the color of a blood-red beet and, touching his father's arm, exclaimed in a low, nervous tone, "Father, it isn't customary to do that in restaurants."

"It's customary with me to return thanks to God wherever I am," was the old man's answer. For the third time he bowed his head, and his son bowed his also. The telegraph operator paused in the act of

carving his beefsteak and bowed his head; the journalist pushed back his plate and bowed his head, and there wasn't a man who heard the short and simple prayer who didn't feel a profounder respect for the old farmer than if he had been President of the United States.

When we remember how many Christians are afraid or ashamed to be seen praying, we may appreciate to the full devout spirit of this old man, who was accustomed to "return thanks to God" wherever he was.—*Selected.*

### TAD LINCOLN'S FRIEND.

MARGARET SPENCER.

"Don't know him."

No; Tad had hundreds of friends in Washington. But Raymond Grey was a particular one. We used to call him "Ray, the Temperance lecturer." In those days at the capital we were always urged to take "punch, wine, and juleps" with cake at our friends' houses or at most public entertainments.

Ray's father worked beside me in the War Department, and I knew he was very fond of strong drink—when he was warm, to make him cool; and when he was too cool, to warm his blood. He had "bad headaches" and off days," and Ray used often to come to the office with excuses for him from his mother.

One morning as I was going over to the White House with some papers I found Ray and Tad sitting on the steps of the area. Ray was sobbing and crying. Tad had his arm over his shoulder comforting him.

"I don't care, Tad—but—but—you see, Teddy Welsh just hollered out, so all the boys could hear—and—"

"What did he dare to say, Ray? I'm going to tell my father! There, don't, Ray; don't fuss about that old mean Teddy any more!"

Ray sobbed out: "He said there goes the boy—the boy—whose father gets drunk every day, and I'd be ashamed to play with a drunkard's boy."

Tad's eyes flashed; he looked up and down the White House lot. "It's a lie, Ray, and I know it; and I'm going right in to tell my father, too!"

That very night loyal little Tad went over to Ray's house and told Ray's father that Mr. Lincoln wanted to see him. The man trembled at such a message from the President. He thought, "I have lost my position now."

Nobody heard what Abraham Lincoln said to Ray's father. But the two little friends talked it over together, and agreed it was a dreadful sin to drink liquor, and whether Teddy was right or wrong that

time, Ray's father was never again sick with bad headaches or "dizzy spells."

"Tad Lincoln's little friend" used to talk with the guards and the soldiers about being good temperance men, until they named him, "The Temperance Lecturer."

Ray's father has clean lips, and his last glass was taken on the day when little Tad "went and told father" about his sorrowing friend and comrade.

Raymond Grey has little boys of his own now. They work for the cold water army and under the temperance banner.—*Temperance Banner.*

### SELF RELIANCE.

Henry Ward Beecher used to tell this story of the way in which his teacher of mathematics taught him to depend upon himself:

"I was sent to the black-board, and went uncertain, full of whimpering.

"That lesson must be learned," said my teacher, in a very quiet tone, but with a terrible intensity. All explanations and excuses he trod under foot with utter scornfulness. 'I want that problem; I don't want any reasons why you haven't it,' he would say.

"I did study two hours."

"That's nothing to me; I want the lesson. You need not study it at all, or you may study it ten hours, just to suit yourself. I want the lesson."

"It was tough for a green boy; but it seasoned me. In less than a month I had the most intense of intellectual independence and courage to defend recitations.

"One day his cold, calm voice fell upon me in the midst of a demonstration, 'No.'

"I hesitated, and then went back to the beginning, and on reaching the same point again, 'No!' uttered in a tone of conviction, barred my progress.

"The next—and I sat down in red confusion.

"He, too, was stopped with 'No!' but went right on, finished, and, as he sat down, was rewarded with 'Very well.'

"Why', whimpered I, 'I recited it just as he did, and you said No!'

"Why didn't you say 'Yes,' and stick to it? It is not enough to know your lesson; you must know that you know it. You have learned nothing until you are sure. If all the world say 'No,' your business is to say 'Yes,' and prove it."—*Ram's Horn.*

It is only the fervent and the diligent soul that is prepared for all duty and all events; it is greater toil to resist evil habits and violent passions than to sweat at the hardest bodily labor.—*Kempis.*